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FOOL AND SOCIAL DRAMA.

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"Act well your part."



# Borrowing Trouble.

BY

T. S. DENISON.

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T. S. DENISON  
1878.

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# BORROWING TROUBLE

A FARCE.

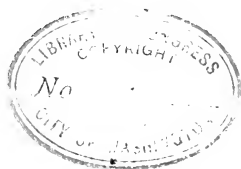
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BY

T. S. DENISON,

*Author of Odds with the Enemy; The Sparkling Cup; Seth Greenback;  
Louva, the Pauper; Wanted, A Correspondent; Initiating a Granger;  
A Family Strike; The Assessor; Hans Von Smash;  
Two Ghosts in White; The Pull-Back;  
Country Justice; etc.*

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CHICAGO:  
T. S. DENISON,  
1878.

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## CHARACTERS.

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MR. BORROW.

MRS. BORROW.

MISS SOPHY BORROW.

MRS. MEHITABLE MARCH.

MRS. WIGGINS.

LINA.

DETECTIVE SPOTEM.

DR. DRENCH.

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## COSTUMES.

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Any clothing suited to the social standing of the character.

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## SITUATIONS.

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*R* means right as the actor faces the audience; *L*, left; *C*, center.

## BORROWING TROUBLE.

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SCENE.—*Lodgings in tenement house. Room rather cheaply furnished, with attempt at display. Table and chairs. Sofa rear. Overcoat visible hanging on wall.*

*Mrs. W. (Pacing floor.)* Well, I never did see in all my days the like of these Borrowes. I've been a widow twenty long years, and have kept lodgers for fifteen of that time, and the likes of them never before set foot in my house. (*Picks up a shawl.*) I declare, if there is n't Mrs. Wait's shawl. Mrs. Borrow got the loan of that two weeks ago, just to wear that day, as she said, and here she's kept it ever since. And if here is n't my Jack's shoe brush that Mr. Borrow got a month ago, and the boy thought it was lost ever since. (*Takes shoe brush.*) Well, really, I suppose they've borrowed every last thing they have, so I'd better look out for my rent and not wait any longer for that *little remittance*. Goodness knows! why dont they *board* instead of keeping house. They've borrowed enough of me to keep a small family. First, it is a cup of sugar, next a pint of milk, then a half dozen eggs. And, strange to say, they never think of returning them.

*Enter L. DETECTIVE SPOTEM.*

*Spotem.* Good day, Madam! Are these the lodgings of Mr. Borrow?

*Mrs. W.* They are, sir.

*Spotem.* Have I the honor of addressing Mrs. Borrow?

*Mrs. W.* Oh, no sir. I am Mrs. Wiggins, who owns this building and lets rooms to married or single persons. Do you wish rooms, sir?

*Spotem.* No, Madam. My business is with Mr. Borrow. Could you inform me where he can be seen?

*Mrs. W.* I think the family have gone out. I can ascertain definitely by asking their servant. (*Exit R.*)

*Spotem.* Now Mr. Borrow, I've got you. In spite of your cunning and your assumed names, you can't escape me this time. You may be out, but you'll return. (*Looks around the room; sees overcoat on wall.*) Ha! the very proof I wanted. That is the overcoat I've been shadowing all last spring. So I've run into your den at last, and before two hours you and your counterfeit money will both be mine. (*Chuckles quietly.*) Well you've manged this pretty cute, old Spotem. You have, for a fact, and the whole country will be ablaze with your fame. It was

lucky I didn't share this case with any one. It will make my fortune, and the name of Detective Spotem will soon be on everybody's tongue. People will say, "He's a sly fox," "Sharp as a steel trap," etc.

*Enter Mrs. W., R.*

*Mrs. W.* The family have gone, sir, for a walk, Will you leave any word?

*Spotem.* No! I will call again shortly. Good day, Madam! (*Exit L.*)

*Mrs. W.* Now what does he want, I wonder? These strangers who take rooms, have so many callers that one *never can find out anything about.*

*Enter LINA, R.*

*Mrs. W.* Lina, who was that gentleman that just passed down stairs?

*Lina.* Don't know, Missa.

*Mrs. W.* Your master has a great many friends, has n't he, Lina?

*Lina.* If he has, dah's a good many of dem not berry good ones.

*Mrs. W.* Why, Lina?

*Lina.* Case *good* friends *gives* to each other, but Massa's friends don't give him anything, so he's 'bliged to borry nearly everything he buys for family use. It was an awful trouble last place I was at to cook de wittles, but it's a mighty heap bigger job here to get a meal ready, 'case I has to *borry* de eatables fust an' *cook* 'em arterward. An' then Massa and Missa worrits so if de wittles ain't good, an' folks don't lend 'em de *best*.

*Mrs. W.* Do they scold or ill treat you?

*Lina.* Law save you no! They're the resignedst folks you ever seen, as Missa has said a thousan' times. Why one day Massa worritted so he couldn't eat, 'case one of de eggs I borried wasn't prezactly fresh. It got broke into de skillet fore I knowed an' spiled de dish, for de family leastways. I pitied him, I did, I could jest crammed de eggs down the throat of ole Mrs. Smith who lent them. De idee of sendin' rotten eggs to a family of quality! Missa an' Miss Sophy jest grieved their eyes nearly out because of that disastah. De women folks are jest de most tenderest angels I eber seed.

*Mrs. W.* (*Going L.*) Then you are happy here Lina, are you?

*Lina.* Happy as a tree frog in a wet day! But I'll be awful glad when pay day comes. Been here a month an' hain't had a cent, but Massa says he expects *permittances*.

*Mrs. W.* I wish he hurry and get them. What use are promises to a widow with a family? (*Exit L.*)

*Lina.* It's a shame that as good a man has Massa hain't got money. He says he's the wictim of circumstances, an' I believe it for a fac' I do.



*Enter MR. and MRS. BORROW and SOPHY, L.*

*Mrs. B.* (*Throwing off bonnet and shawl.*) Lina, have you made arrangements for tea?

*Lina.* Beg pahdon! but dah's nuffin to arrange.

*Mrs. B.* Oh my! when will our remittances arrive, my dear?

*Mr. B.* Not until next week I fear, love.

*Mrs. B.* Lina, you must manage it somehow. Try the neighbors again.

*Lina.* De fac' is I've *managed* nearly all de neighbors already.

*Mrs. B.* Try a new place. Have we any butter?

*Lina.* No, Ma'am.

*Mrs. B.* Any milk?

*Lina.* No, Missa.

*Mrs. B.* Any bread?

*Lina.* Law sakes, don't you 'member there wasn't enough for dinner?

*Mrs. B.* Lina, run down to Mrs. Lamb's and ask her for a loaf. Tell her we'll return it to-morrow.

*Lina.* Laws Missa we's borried two or three loaves from her, to say nuffin about eggs an' sugar an' coffee. 'Spose 'praps likely you's forgot it, but de *articles* haven't been returned home again.

*Mrs. B.* Never mind that, Lina. Mrs. Lamb is such a good soul she'll let you have the loaf and say nothing about it. Ask Mrs. Grey for a small piece of butter, and Mrs. Wiggins will let you have milk. Hurry up, Lina, it is tea time.

*Mr. B.* Hold a minute, Lina. Mrs. Borrow, I've told you often that the cares of housekeeping are too great for you; I *will* relieve you, in spite of yourself. I brought a can of oysters on trial, a new brand. The groceryman is *giving* samples away at first to build up custom; wants my trade. Bring plenty of milk for a stew, Lina. Have you salt?

*Lina.* No Sah!

*Mr. B.* Mrs. Wiggins will attend to that. Have you plenty of pepper?

*Lina.* Not a speck.

*Mr. B.* Mrs. Wiggins is very kind. She will manage that also. I must have oysters well seasoned. My stomach isn't what it once was. Vinegar, butter! I can't go into details. Just bring one of Mrs. Wiggins' castors, pepper, mustard, vinegar and all. (*Exit Lina, L.*)

*Mrs. B.* Poor man! Trouble is just wearing you out! Mr. Brown, do sit down and rest yourself, so you may have an appetite for dinner. You know your stomach needs attention.

*Mr. B.* Yes, madam, I am aware that it does. I am sorry to say it often needs attention that a man who is the victim of circumstances is unable to bestow.

*Mrs. B.* It's a shame that such a noble, kind-hearted man, who has devoted a whole life to the service of the "Society for the Advancement of Benevolence, Philanthropy, and Exalted Fellow-

ship among the Jarring Elements of Discordant Mankind," should be the victim of hard-hearted, relentless circumstances. I hate circumstances. They are the bar to all true progress! (*Enter Lina, with castor, loaf of bread and pitcher of milk. She proceeds to set table, R C.*)

*Mr. B.* A very true observation, my dear, which we toilers for the benefit of mankind have painful occasion to verify.

*Mrs. B.* Sophy, will you prepare your Pa's tonic? He must have an appetizer, you know. Here is the physician's prescription. (*Reads.*) "Whisky, gin and water, one-half oz each. Add sugar and flavoring to taste. Take before meals."

*Sophy.* (*In mincing, affected voice*) Oh my, don't trouble me with such affairs. They properly belong to the servant, and you know the fumes of those horrid drugs affect my eyes.

*Mrs. B.* So they do, my dear. I quite forgot that. I will prepare the medicine myself. Your Pa must have his tonic. His appetite is not what it once was.

*Mr. B.* Quite true! Quite true! Indeed I think sometimes it is better that it is not so good. One might be tempted too far in the way of luxuries, and people working for the good of mankind set an example whether they will or not. They should be careful and above all avoid luxuries. (*Mrs. B. enters kitchen R, and gets materials for Mr. B's "tonic."*)

*Sophy.* Why Papa, our example is quite good, isn't it?

*Mr. B.* Certainly my child!

*Sophy.* I did not dance at Mrs. Flighty's grand ball just on that account. I thought of our circumstances and the cause you have devoted us to, and that nerved me to the sacrifice. (*Languishes on sofa.*)

*Mr. B.* You did very right my child to abstain from dancing. Had you participated in the vanities of the dance it would have been a constant reproach to your poor Pa in his society work. (*Mrs. B. enters with tonic*) Ah! that is very inspiring. (*Smacks his lips.*) Just the thing for a weak stomach!

#### Enter MRS. MEHITABLE MARCH.

*Mrs. M.* Oh howdy! I'm so 'fraid I'm intruding. (*Rushes up to Mrs. B. and kisses her.*)

*Mrs. B.* Not at all; we're so glad to see you!

*Mrs. M.* How are you, Miss Borrow? Are you well, Mr. Borrow? (*Shakes hands with him.*)

*Mr. B.* Very well thank you! This visit is indeed as pleasant as unexpected.

*Mrs. M.* (*Mrs. M. always speaks as fast as possible without indistinctness.*) Mr. Borrow, you don't know how I feel for you. Mrs. Borrow, it does me just as much good to know that he is well as to know that Ephraim is well, or to feel well myself. His loss would be a loss to humanity.

*Sophy.* (*Aside*) That old fright has just stopped for her supper.

*Mrs. M. (Taking off bonnet and shawl.)* I didn't think of stopping any time; but you are so cozy here really I must. You are so kind I have n't the heart to leave without chatting a while. you will please take my things, Miss Sophy. (*Sophy drops bonnet and shawl on the floor at the end of the sofa.*)

*Lina. (Aside to Mrs. B.)* Missa, dah ain't nigh likes enuff wittles for company.

*Mrs. B. (Aside.)* I wont ask her to tea. She shan't have it.

*Mrs. M.* I dont visit much, and I dont call on everybody. Dear me! I don't like to say much about such things, but ever since Mrs. Wilson eloped and left her husband, I don't know who to trust. Since we moved up town we've been gitting sorter select. Ephraim says we're too select. Only this morning, at breakfast table, he said, "Mehitable, why don't you call on the Borrowes?" An' says I, I will. So I just run in this afternoon to chat a minute. It does me good to hear Mr. Borrow talk. I heard him lecture once.

*Mr. B.* Ah! Indeed?

*Mrs. M.* The sentiments he expressed was very beautiful. *Mrs. Borrow*, you've got a mighty smart man, I tell you.

*Mrs. B. (Coldly.)* I was aware of that long ago.

*Mrs. M. (Glances at table.)* I just said to Ephraim this morning that I would run in an' hear that man talk. Its as good as stump speaking any day, or a circus, for that matter. (*Mr. B. fidgets nervously. Mrs. M. glances at the table.*)

*Mrs. B. (With offended air.)* Of the merits of a circus I can not speak. We do not attend circuses.

*Mrs. M.* Land sake now! do tell!

*Mrs. B.* I did attend a circus once, a very long time ago. While doubtless entertaining to many, I did not find the performance of the kind calculated to satisfy the longings of a man with aspirations to accomplish high, moral and philanthropic purposes.

*Mrs. M.* Well I do say! Your ideas are so original, I never thought of that. Dear me! I heard to-day that Mrs. Jenkins and her husband quarrel dreadful, and they've not been married a month!

*Mrs. B.* I dare say! I thought as much.

*Mrs. M. (Looks at table.)* But did you hear about the cholera. They say it's come to town at last. They say they're going to take off everybody to the hospital who takes it. It's dreadful to think of dyin' in that nasty hospital! People can't be too careful what they eat. I told Ephraim so to-day. Speakin' of eatin', I see you have the table set. Don't let your tea spoil on my account. I'll just sit down with you, for company's sake.

*Mrs. B. (Aside.)* Well I never! Mr. Borrow, tea is ready. (*All sit to table.*) You see we are quite unprepared for company. We have nothing but the plain repast we usually spread for own family.

*Mrs. M.* Now don't worry on my account, Mrs. Borrow. You know you've just the nicest table. Have you heard about Callie

Brown? Don't say anything about it, but they do say she takes on dreadful, because her father forbid that beau of hers from comin' into the house again.

*Mrs. B.* It's just like *him*, to be so cruel.

*Mr. B.* Wife, perhaps, we should add some other little delicacy, since we have company.

*Mrs. B.* Mr. Borrow, remember your health. Don't worry about such trifling matters.

*Mrs. M.* Goodness me! if he don't attend to domestic affairs the same as other men. Who'd 'a thought it!

*Mr. B.* I consider home duties equally as sacred as those more important ones with which I am burdened, and the duties of home should be attended to whenever opportunity offers a minute from weightier affairs. Lina, will you step into Mrs. Butler's, and get one of those cans of strawberries? Explain! Company you know. And if she wouldn't mind it, a small matter of cake. (*Exit Lina, L.*) You see, Mrs. March, we are entirely unprepared for visitors. But it shall never be said that *my* family want for anything while *I* am able to provide for them.

*Mrs. M.* But ain't you afraid to set sich a bountiful table when there's so much sickness round? Cholera comes on awful sudden. They take desperate pains and turn sick in a minnit. An' the least thing will do it. A spoonful of fruit, or a mess of cucumbers. Pears like this tea tasted queer.

*Sophy.* Just what I was going to say Ma!

*Mrs. B.* (*Tastes tea.*) It has a queer taste. What can ail it?

*Mr. B.* Perhaps it's the milk. (*Pours out milk and tastes it.*) Mrs. Borrow, I fear there is something wrong. This milk has a horrible taste.

*Sophy.* Ma, I'm real sick! (*Jumps up from table.*)

*Mrs. M.* Land 'o goodness we'll all die. I know we will. It's the cholera! (*All jump up from the table.*)

*Mrs. B.* Mercy me! I feel it in my stomach!

*Mr. B.* Don't be alarmed, my dear. I will watch over you.

*Mrs. B.* (*Groans.*) Dear me, take care of yourself. Aren't you sick, too?

*Mr. B.* I feel the subtle poison, but even death shall not frighten me from my post of duty. Lina, run across the street for the Doctor. Call Mrs. Wiggins!

*Lina.* Lord 'a mercy! what's de matter? If it's de cholereum we'll all be dead afore de Doctor gets up de fust flight of de stair-way! (*Runs out L for Doctor.*)

*Mrs. M.* (*Groans.*) What an awful suddint case! Oh, Mr. Borrow, won't you take me to Ephraim? I can't die among strangers, and they will take me to the hospital. (*Clasps her hands tightly across her stomach.*)

*Sophy.* Ma, I'm sinking fast! (*Groans.*)

*Mrs. B.* We will go together, daughter. (*Groans.*)

*Mr. B.* (*Paces around frantically; hands on his stomach.*) Don't despair! I will never desert you!

*Enter L, DETECTIVE SPOTEM.*

*Mrs. M. (Frantically.)* Oh take me to Ephraim!

*Spotem.* Couldn't do it, Madam. I haven't Ephraim's address.

*Mr. B.* Who are you, sir, who come into this tenement of stricken humanity to mock the sufferings of your fellow man? What do you want?

*Spotem.* Well, sir, I will give you the information you seek to the best of my ability. I am Detective Spotem of the force and I want you.

*Mr. B.* You want us! Then all is over!

*Sophy.* Oh, Pa, don't let him take us! It would be horrid to die in that place. *(Groans.)*

*Mrs. B.* Protect us for a few brief hours more! It won't be long! *(Groans.)*

*Mrs. M.* Well goodness knows I just won't go into that nasty place for any policeman. Do take me to Ephraim till I can die in his arms. *(Groans and holds her hands on her stomach tightly.)* This pain is gettin' too awful for human perseverance!

*Sophy.* It is perfectly dreadful!

*Mr. B.* It is excruciating.

*Mr. B.* This pain is certainly very—very—*(Holds his stomach with both hands.)*

*Spotem.* Painful, eh?

*Mrs. M.* Oh Ephraim! Ephraim! It would rend your vitals if you knewed what pain your Mehitable suffers. Oh take me to Ephraim!

*Spotem.* Well this case is deuced singular. Have they been partaking too freely of green corn, or are they putting up a job on me? I guess it's the latter, for whole families seldom have trouble like this all of a sudden. *(Patients all groan.)*

*Mrs. M.* Won't you listen to a dying woman's request and take me to my Ephraim?

*Spotem. (Looks intently at Mrs. M.)* She'll live to see her Ephraim yet, I think. I guess they are playing it on me. Can't fool me, though. But it is singular. I'll make a note of it for my great book entitled "Secrets of the Great Detective Agency." *(Writes rapidly in a book.)*

*Mrs. B.* Oh, Mr. Borrow, that officer is writing out a commitment for us. *(Groans.)*

*Sophy.* Ma, I shall faint if you mention it.

*Mr. B.* Resign yourselves to fate my poor darling. We must go, I suppose.

*Mrs. M. (Indignantly.)* I won't! I'm going to Ephraim, if I walk every step of the way.

*Spotem.* Don't think of walking, Madam. I'll call a hack if I think it best for you to go at all.

*Mrs. B.* Oh, don't send us!

*Sophy.* It's real mean!

*Mrs. M.* It's perfectly horrid! *(All groan.)*

*Spotem.* Well, this beats all! Queer case! (*Reads.*) "Case of Borrow, the counterfeiter. When detective Spotem was about to make the arrest, the whole family of the prisoner were suddenly taken with violent cramps in the region of the stomach, so well feigned as to appear real. Ruse to gain time. One old lady, apparently a visitor, but really a shrewd accomplice, kept crying continually to be taken to her Ephraim." (*Patients groan.*)

*Enter DOCTOR, MRS. WIGGINS and LINA, L.*

*Spotem.* (*Stepping aside to R.*) Hello! What does this mean?

*Lina.* Here dey is, Doctor! Here's de patienters, if dey's not all clean gone dead.

*Mrs. W.* Oh dear! (*Wrings her hands.*) Just think of it! Cholera in my house! It'll kill us all, and ruin my business.

*Doctor.* (*Examines patients, feels pulses, bustles around.*) Violent cramping pains in stomach, eh?

*All.* Yes! yes! (*Groan.*)

*Doctor.* Then it is the incipient stages of genuine Asiatic cholera, and no mistake. It is a dangerous case, but with proper care I'll try to get you all through safe. I see the patients are not yet reduced in strength, which is very favorable. (*Busies himself with medicine case.*) (*Aside.*) It's lucky that I was called in. It is one of the first cases in town. It won't make a bad item for the morning papers. I see there is a reporter already present. A neat item. "*Cholera.—An entire family stricken down. Doctor Drench called in. Under his skillful care they are doing well, etc., etc.*"

*Mrs. M.* Oh, Doctor, won't you take me to Ephraim?

*Doctor.* Madam, do not be alarmed, skillful hands are ready to wait on you. (*Gives each patient a draught from a colored mixture in a goblet.*)

*Spotem.* Well, this thing does really look serious, Doctor, can I be of any use?

*Doctor.* Ah, reporting! (*Sees Spotem's note book.*) No, I believe not, (*Pauses*) except in a professional way; you understand.

*Spotem.* But I don't understand.

*Mrs. W.* Doctor, can't I help you some way. If you want any herbs, I always keep 'em. I lived on a farm once. I always make catnip tea an' "penneroil" tea when my boy Jack gits sick.

*Doctor.* Madam, I'm sorry to say that only *professional* skill can battle this most dangerous and deadly disease. (*Busies himself making powders.*)

*Mrs. M.* Doctor, is it ketchin'?

*Doctor.* Excuse me, madam, I didn't understand.

*Mrs. M.* Is it ketchin'?

*Doctor.* Madam, I am glad to say that when fumigation is properly attended to the disease is not contagious.

*Mrs. M.* Laws a me! How long is it before *fumigation sets in*? I wouldn't have Ephraim take it for twenty dollars.

*Doctor.* Take one of these every ten minutes. (*Displays on*

*table a large number of powders done up in preposterously large papers.*) I will return in an hour. If anything happens in the meantime, let me know.

*Spotem. (Aside.)* I should expect something to happen if those powders are all taken.

*Sophy.* Oh deah! if theh's anything I have an aversion to it's powders.

*Mrs. M.* I can't bear them! Oh, won't some one run to Ephraim and say his Mehitable is dyin'?

*Mr. B.* We will do our best, sir, to follow your instructions. What is your theory of the cause of the disease?

*Doctor.* Doubtless defective sewer-pipes!

*Mrs. W.* Goodness, no! The pipes froze up last winter and haven't been connected since.

*Doctor.* Then doubtless it is the hydrant water!

*Mrs. W.* It aint that either, for *I have a good well for my lodgers.*

*Doctor. (Annoyed.)* Of course the *immediate* cause is something the family have eaten. *(Looks at table, lifts can of straw-berries triumphantly.)* This explains it all!

*Lina.* Doctor, I jes fotched dem berries in a few minutes ago, an' de family didn't have the smell of a single berry.

*Mrs. B.* Doctor, we seldom eat fruit. We first tasted something in the milk.

*Doctor. (Takes up milk pitcher.)* Why, there is something in this milk. It looks yellowish.

*Lina.* Well, I nebber hear of de like. 'Spect dat's my fault! Comin' up de stairs I dropped de mustard out of de castor into de milk, I was so hurried I teetotally forgot all about it. *(All laugh except Sophy, Mrs. M. and the Doctor.)*

*Sophy.* How perfectly disgusting!

*Mrs. M.* It's a shame to treat *visitors* so, a downright shame. If Ephraim—

*Doctor. (To Borrow.)* It's a trick, sir, a conspiracy to ruin my professional reputation. I'll make it a costly trick. My fee is fifty dollars, and the sooner it is paid the better for you, sir. *(To Spotem.)* And you, sir, are a party to this infamous piece of business. I wager your paper will make a rare display of head lines over it. I'll prosecute you for libel, sir.

*Spotem.* Sir, there is evidently some mistake here I was as ignorant as yourself of what has transpired here to-day.

*Doctor.* Aren't you a reporter?

*Spotem.* Reporter! no; I am Detective Spotem, and seeing that you are through with your professional business, I will begin mine. Mr. Borrow, my business is with you. For some time you have been suspected of being in league with counterfeiters; yesterday a counterfeit \$10 bill was traced directly to you. You are my prisoner. *(Women scream.)*

*Mrs. B.* Oh, sir, my husband is innocent!

*Spotem.* That he will have opportunity to prove.

*Mrs. M.* (*Aside.*) Well, I always thought these Borrowes weren't what they ought to be.

*Mr. B.* I borrowed the bill to which you refer.

*Spotem.* It is probable that a man in your circumstances would borrow a paltry \$10 bill.

*Mrs. W.* He's a great borrower; he is indeed, sir; I can testify to that, besides I heard the queer gentlemen on the third floor say he loaned Mr. Borrow ten dollars.

*Spotem.* That may do, but Detective Spotem don't hang all his clothes on one peg. Do you know that coat, Mr. Borrow? (*Points to overcoat.*) A man wearing that overcoat has been seen under very suspicious circumstances at various places, for several weeks back. Isn't that your coat?

*Borrow.* I borrowed that from the gentleman on the third floor

*Mrs. W.* From the queer gentleman!

*Spotem.* Did you borrow everything you have?

*Mr. B.* Pretty much all.

*Spotem.* And where is the queer gentleman?

*Mrs. W.* Left uncommon sudden a week ago! But he paid up like a gentleman.

*Spotem.* Botheration! Vexation! Cremation! He's given me the slip again and my great case is ruined. (*Tears leaf from his note book and stamps it.*)

*Doctor.* Give me your hand. You have my sympathies.

*Spotem.* (*Moodily.*) What is sympathy to a man whose reputation is ruined?

*Doctor.* My professional reputation has received a very disagreeable blow, but I'll see what a fee will do towards healing it. Mr. Borrow, my bill is just fifty dollars, terms cash.

*Mr. B.* It strikes me that is a large fee for a man who can't tell the effects of mustard from those of Asiatic cholera.

*Doctor.* (*Excitedly.*) What! do you mean to insult me? I won't stand it! I'll have satisfaction. But I see you are a trifler! To get rid of this disagreeable business I'll make it twenty five.

*Borrow.* Too much!

*Doctor.* Fifteen then!

*Borrow.* That's more reasonable. Mr. Spotem, will you oblige me with a small loan until to-morrow? I've remittances coming.

*Spotem.* Good heavens! Doctor, come. (*Seizes Dr. by the arm.*) This fellow would swamp our reputation with mortgages and then borrow money from us to lift them. (*Drags Dr. out L.*)

*Mr. B.* This is quite an episode, my dear.

*Mrs. B.* Oh, I'm so nervous! I was frightened nearly to death! Mr. Borrow, has it affected your stomach?

*Mr. B.* I believe not dear. I am spared for higher purposes.

*Sophy.* It's perfectly horrid. I shall not recover for a week. (*Languishes.*)

*Mrs. M.* Law sakes, Mr. Borrow! you are the luckiest man alive. The Lord favors the righteous But I must go home. This 'll be just the best kind of news for Ephraim. (*Exit L.*)

CURTAIN.



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